

creature whose native home is on the Andes. But Call, (afterward to become Sir Titus Call,) made a fortune by his discovery; & that his work-peoplc should benefit by his wealth, he transported them from the crowded towns to a lonely spot in the valley near to built a palace-like factory, a town with many streets of good houses, with schools, a chapel, laundry schools, public baths & wash houses, a post,<sup>(and telegraph wires)</sup> & a most liberally conducted Institute—  
every thing a philanthropist could provide for the advancement & enjoyment of his people.  
In 1853 all was ready, & on his fiftieth birthday, Mr. Call led his people out of Brazil and to their new home with colors flying & band playing;  
& with much feasting & rejoicing, the mill people took possession of the bright little town of Callao.  
A bright, fresh little town it is still; even the great factory is not yet begrimed, & the two massive engines, bright & beautiful as a drawing-room clock, are kept under glass for the delight of passersby. Many kinds of stuff besides alpaca are made in this great factory; every kind of wool used in the woollen manufacture is, as we have seen, collected here. But Callao has been correctly written about that it need hardly delay us longer.

## Halifax.

is now no great centre to dozens of smaller towns & clothing villages with paths running back & leading to the two great centres.

Passing over the highback you have full of all another, & being carried through the heart of the hills by no less than four turnpikes, we come upon a town in a valley shaped exactly like a deep basin, with two steep hills shutting it in on all sides. This is Halifax, the third in importance of the West Riding clothing towns. The hill-copes & the valley-banks with chimneys, for the wealthy Halifax manufacturers carry on their works with great spirit, either as woollen & woollen as well as cotton factories scattered throughout this large parish which extends as far as Todmorden. An curious branch of Halifax trade is that with South America, the mill-owners having early learned to cater for the tastes of the South American Indians. The manufacturers of the town are very numerous interesting materials for curtains, table-covers, dresses, &c., the Messrs. Crossley's, the largest mill in the town, is a great carpet-factory which employs above 3,000 hands. The action of the town is forming the large Miss covers the surface of Brussels' carpet & what may be called the 'sheering' of the carpet known as 'velvet-pil' are interesting processes to watch. All kinds of carpets are made here.

Before the use of machinery in factories became general, Halifax was the centre of the Yorkshire woollen works in early days. English wool was brought at high rates by the Flemish merchants. No other wool was considered esteemed by the clothiers. But English-made cloths always were as much despised as English wool was esteemed.

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From the men of the north broke into open rebellion,  
under their old leaders. But Henry had planned this  
and was ready for them. Forces were sent northwards  
under the Duke of Norfolk to whom the king wrote: "Our  
pleasure is that before ymclous upon banners again  
you shall cause such dreadfull execution to be  
done upon a good number of the inhabitants  
of every town, village, shire, and that have offendid in  
this rebellion, as well by the hanging thereof up  
in trees, as by the quartering of them, soe cutting  
of their heads & quarters in every town, - as they may  
be a fearfull spectatour to all others hereafter that  
would practise any like snatter; which we require  
you to do without pity or respect according to our  
former letters."

The insurgents made unsuccessful attacks on  
Carlisle & York: their leaders were taken prisoners.  
At Tyburn Tower Hill, Smithfield, London, Hull  
the leaders were beheaded. Robert Ash, & that unhappy  
Lancaster herald who bent his knee to him, were  
executed together at York; as to the common  
people, no doubt the royal "pleasure" was very fully  
carried out.

Brough Castle played a memorable part during  
the Civil War; it was held for the King, and during  
the successive sieges from the Parliamentary  
forces towards the end of the war, Scarborough &  
Brough were the only strongholds remaining with  
the King. The King dead, Brough was the first place to  
cry "Long live the King", proclaiming Charles II.; it  
was not until after a six months' siege, when  
four fifths of their numbers had fallen, that the  
garrison capitulated. The Roundheads, according to  
new evidence demanded & demolished the Castle (but had  
demolition necessary after the heavy bombardment it had  
received).

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### The Burn of the Don.

The Don has its two sources - the Don & the little Don - in the bleak moorland hills which lie over south of the Parish of Penistone. Its beginning is unpromising but soon the Don carries us into very lovely scenery, as beautiful in its own way as are the picturesque dales of the west & the north-east; but the beauty here is of a softer, prettier type, with valleys, short-  
is by low hills with the crowning grace which the moorland - ~~cauld~~ regions lack, abundant  
verdure & really fine trees, with clumps of  
beech & oak & small isolated trees. Broomick  
a native of Sheppfield has illustrated this lovely  
country very gaily. Silkstone, the centre of an important  
Coal-field, lies in the midst of this pleasant  
country, & has an interesting church, with a monument  
to Sir Thomas Wentworth this lady. At Wentworth  
Park, lower down the valley Sir Thomas lived  
much, & was ever glad to take refuge here from his  
ancient schemes to sustain a failing cause &  
an ungrateful king "in looking upon a tulip,  
hearing a bird sing, a rivulet murmuring" - as  
he writes. But, to return, Wharncliffe Woods  
in the southern bend of the river, or the beauty &  
beast of the Don Valley, it would a heart torn with  
in Surrey itself be delicious & unparallel'd  
of the wooded landscape as seen from the  
terrace running along the rocks known as Wharncliffe  
crag. Below the terrace is the 'Dragon's Den', a  
wild & picturesque recess in the rocks, as striking

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to well known Pontefract baronies.

It was to its castle that Pontefract owed its ancient fame a castle that, for 600 years was the strongest tower of South Yorkshire. When the conqueror subdued Yorkshire, he granted the lands of this district to an Elbert d' leacy, & he, finding a high rock still commanding the air, raised upon it a renowned stronghold, from which he kept much of the West Riding in subjection. An enormous castle it was, surrounded by a high wall, flanked by seven towers, & without, was a deep moat to be crossed by a drawbridge. There were dungeons in the keep, one of them, it is said, to be reached only through a hole in the chamber above. Whenever rebellion or civil war broke out in the Northern counties, both sides struggled for the possession of this stronghold, & that is why the name trumpet plays so large a part in English history.

Saint Thomas of Lancaster.

Pontefract first becomes the scene of an important historical event in connection with Thomas of Lancaster, a mighty baron the friend of the king, (Henry III), the lord of the earldoms, who dwelt at his castle of Pontefract with the flat of a prince. He was the people's friend, & not only in Yorkshire, but throughout England, men looked to him to deliver them from the burden of heavy and unjust taxation, which the king Edward II, had imposed to maintain himself & his favourites in idle pleasure. One of these was the valet de pavillon, a fat-bellied foreigner, who thought little of inuring England's greatest nobles. The exasperated barons, aware at all times both of foreigners & of favourites, now under Thomas of

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Lancaster, followed Lancastrian & Scarborough Castle  
where he had taken refuge. With the Castle, secured  
his prisoner, & carried him to Blacklow Hill, near  
Warwick, where he was beheaded by order of Lancaster.  
The King dissembled his wrath, after a while, & the  
peal was pealed up, the victorious barons arrayed  
in the royal parlour, at Westminster.

But new favorites soon provoked the jealousy  
of the barons & the murmurs of the people. This  
time, too, the Spencers, betters soon than Radcliff,  
in the first place dependents of Thomas of Lancaster.  
Again, the barons rose under Lancaster, but, this  
time, to a defeat. A battle was fought at  
Borongbridge on the Ouse, Lancaster was taken  
& was carried down the Ouse to York & thence  
to his own castle of Pontefract, where the king  
was seized. There he was tried as a traitor before  
Edward II, & condemned to death.

The high ground above the castle is known to this day  
as St. Thomas's Hill. Hither he was led on a grey  
pony, the crowd pelting him with mud. "King  
of heaven!" he cried, "grant me mercy, for my  
earthly king hath forsaken me!" Having reached  
the top of the hill, he was beheaded (1322).

The people had, more than once, blamed the Earl for  
latching too much upon himself; but his death  
cancelled his failings, & thenceforth, he was a  
martyr who had suffered for the public good. Soon  
it got about that miracles were wrought about  
him, & the sick suffering crowded with offerings  
to the Priory Church of Pontefract where he was  
buried. In vain, unkind men were set to  
watch the tomb, news of pretended miracles continued  
to be spread abroad. & more than once, embassies  
were sent to the pope, begging for the canonization of the  
great earl. Whether this canonization took place or not  
doubtless, but it is no doubt Thomas, not the great earl in whom

in the throat by a headless arrow. This is reason to doubt the story of the death of Rutland for a youth seventeen who was then a warrior likely to fall in the midst of the fight than who carried it to field by his schoolmaster.

Within twenty miles from Wakefield to the north-west is the village of Tadcaster, between that village and Tadcaster, is a meadow, where the grass is rich clanta, there is a thicket of wild roses, red and white growing together in long clusters. This meadow was the scene of the most bloody battle ever fought in English ground. Again an army of the north had gathered under the banner of the red rose to the number, it is said, of sixty thousand. The leaders were the ~~earl of Northumberland~~ <sup>duke of</sup> Northumberland, and other great nobles of the north about. Henry a Queen Margaret's <sup>uncle</sup> who remained in safety at York, some eight miles off. An almost equal army was gathered under the white rose of York. They had the church spouting in their midst; for Edward, the son of the slain York, had been duly crowned in Westminster as Edward IV. Moreover they had the Earl of Warwick, the 'Kingmaker'. At four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon - the 29th of March, 1461, the eve of Palm Sunday - it is said that the two armies met, & fought blindly through the night, & on into the quiet of Palm Sunday, the snow falling thick all the time, slaying a decent sheet over the slain. No quarter & no prisoners was the order on both sides. At first they fought with arrows, but the arrows missed in the blinding snow, & the men threw aside their bows, drew their

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Their swords, & a terrible hand to hand struggle began. At last, the Lancastrians began to give way, collecting in order until they reached the little river Cocks Ditch winds round the 'Bloody Meadow' was at this time swollen by heavy rains. They descended the river by a very steep road, the men from behind fell headlong upon those in front, so many perished in the wall that the rest crossed over the dead bodies of their comrades. The slaughter was fearful - even if it fell below the 40,000 of traditional report, ~~Half the~~ nearly half the Lancastrians fell, including Northumberland & others of their leaders. The Earls of Devon & Hereford were taken prisoners & beheaded at York, where their heads faced the Micklegate Bar. The Duke of Somerset & Exeter escaped to York with the fatal news in time to see the retreat of the king & queen into Scotland.

### Memories of Pontefract.

"Bompt! Bompt! Other bloody prison  
Lest & somnious to noble peers" (Arch. W.

Before quitting the fair valley, we must visit the town of Pontefract, a place of extraordinary historical interest. It is a clean pleasant country town, where, on Saturdays, is an important market for corn & cattle. A rather unusual crop is raised in the neighbourhood; long ridges of a pretty plant with gathery leaves appear in the fields: for four years this plant - is allowed to grow after it is pulled up by the roots, long roots, reaching ten or twelve feet into the ground. These roots are powdered, & the juice expressed is made into dark lozenges stamped with the Pontefract arms.

him that he should reign for the rest of his life, but that at his death, the crown should pass to the house of York. Henry agreed but his wife Queen Margaret, was unwilling to sacrifice the claims of her son, Edward Prince of Wales. The house of Lancaster had many friends in the north & making York her rallying place, the Queen raised a northern army of 18,000 men. Many powerful nobles joined her standard - the lords Clifford & Neville, the Earls of Northumberland & of Westmoreland, the Dukes of Somerset & Exeter. She left to train this army. She had proclaimed to her forces liberty to plunder the country south of the Tees.

The Duke of York set out from London to meet her with no more than four or five hundred men. situated on a tree covered hill nearly two miles from Wakefield, and still to be seen are fragments of Sandal Castle, at that time a prison belonging to Richard. Here he took up his quarters to wait for the arrival of his son, Edward, Earl of March with a contingent from Wales. The Queen advanced with her troops, but failed to force the castle. She then placed troops in ambush on either side of Wakefield green, under the command of Lord Clifford & the Earl of Westmoreland; & appearing before the castle with the main body of her army with many trumpets sounding she provoked the Duke to battle. She left the protection of Sandal castle & descended with her small army upon the green. "But," says Hall, "then he was in the plain ground between his castle and town of Wakefield, he was environed on every side like a fish in a net or a deer in a buckstall, so that he, manfully fighting, was either helpen by slain & dead, his whole army discomfited. ---

with his Head, blithes his noble friends, the Normans) eight hundred others, whereof many were young gentlemen, heirs of great parentage in the south part. Those baronies revenge their deaths within 4 months next-since immediately ensuing."

Lord Clifford, whose father had been slain at the battle of St. Albans, had taken oath that he would not leave alive a man of the house of York; and, "for slayng his son at Wakefield, he was called to boucher" (butcher) the story goes, that he came to the place where York lay dead & covered with wounds, at the street gate he laid, & on it a crown of paper, & spiced it w<sup>th</sup> a pole & presented it to his queen, & which present was much joy, but many laughed then that soon lamented after. The Queen had the head carried to York, spiced upon Micklegate Bar -

"So York may overlook the towns of York." Another bat is that of Clifford's ferocity in this battle. While the fight was raging, the young Earl of Rutland, the second son of Richard of York, 'a fair gentleman & a maiden-like person', was faintly & secretly led away from the field by his schoolmates. But he was over espied by Clifford who demanded who the boy was. The young gentleman, dismayed had not a word to speak, but knelt on his knees, imploring mercy, & with holding up his hands smacking dolorous countenance, for his speech was few for fear. 'Save him,' said his schoolmates, 'for he is a prince & may serve you yet' till that word, Clifford snarled now, & said, 'My father slew mine, as will I do the all they kin,' whereon he seized his dagger & slew the boy. Three months later, Clifford himself fell on the eve of Towton,